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## Love's Reward.

For Love I labored all the day,  
Through morning chill and midday heat,  
For surely with the evening gray,  
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be sweet.  
At eventide, with weary limb,  
I brought my labors to the spot  
Where Love had bid me come to him;  
Thither I came, but found him not.  
For he with idle folk had gone  
To dance the hours of night away;  
And I that toiled was left alone,  
Too weary now to dance or play.  
—F.W. BOURDILLON, in September Atlantic.

## The Dancing Bear.

Far over Elf-land poets stretch their sway,  
And win their dearest crowns beyond the goal  
Of their own conscious purpose; they control  
With gossamer threads wide-flown our fancy's play,  
And so our action. On my walk to-day  
A wallowing bear begged clumsily his toll,  
When straight a vision rose of Atta Troll,  
And scenes ideal witched mine eyes away.  
"Merci, Monsieur!" the astonished bear-ward cried,  
Grateful for thrice his hope to me, the slave  
Of partial memory, seeing at his side  
A bear immortal; the glad dole I gave  
Was none of mine; poor Heine o'er the wide  
Atlantic welter reached it from his grave.  
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in September Atlantic.

## Dr. Hanalick on the Grand Opera, Paris.

[We are indebted, as we have been many times before, to the London "Musical World" for saving us the labor of translating (and, it is no false modesty to add, for doing it better than we should have done) the celebrated Austrian critic's bright and animated description of the new Grand Operahouse, which appeared originally in the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse."]

I have reserved to the last my opinion of the Grand Opera. I wanted to wait until I was a little less dazzled by its magnificence and a little more edified by its performances. I found, however, small inducements to visit it often. You might live five months in Paris, and yet see, in exactly five evenings, the entire repertory of the New Operahouse. Since it was opened on the 5th January, 1875 (the anniversary of the bombardment of Paris), only five operas have been produced: *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and, to wind up the list, *Les Huguenots*. Independent ballets, filling the entire evening, are no longer given, but Donizetti's *Favorite*, on account of its shortness, has often two acts of an old ballet, *La Source*, tacked to it. The "majestic slowness" which, from time immemorial, always distinguished the Paris Grand Opera, like some indelible characteristic, or like a kind of priestly consecration, is now greater than ever, thanks to the necessity of new scenery. Our own Imperial Operahouse in Vienna produced, during the first five months of its existence, three times as many operas as the Grand Operahouse, Paris, in the same period, and that, too, with a company employed (alternately in the old and new house) every day. There are only four performances a week at the Paris Operahouse, three of them being included in the subscription. That the management does not make up its mind to give at least a

fifth, is something surprising, as the public flock in an extraordinary manner to the performances, and every place is taken a week in advance. But those who purchase a box or a stall are guaranteed only a particular evening, and not a particular opera. It is the new house and not the performance which, for the present, attracts all attention. Let M. Halanzier give what he chooses, his theatre, provided there is some brilliantly lighted music between the acts, will be filled to the ceiling—golden days for a manager. A regular take of 19,000 francs, which rises, when the subscription list is suspended, to 21 or 22,000; and, in addition to this, an annual State grant of nearly a million! With the opening of the new house, however, the French Government adopted the sensible plan of regulating this grant according to a sliding scale; the grant is cut down immediately the receipts exceed a certain sum.

The architecture of the new Operahouse, and the mode in which the edifice has been decorated inside with frescoes, statues, and mosaics, has often been described at length. A description of all this may the more properly be omitted here, as I am not competent to speak authoritatively on such matters, and can do no more than record the impression made on myself individually. The new theatre is a magnificent structure, of which the Parisians have just cause to be proud. It was fourteen years building, or double the time required for the erection of the Vienna Operahouse. The brilliancy of the internal arrangements eclipses the effect of the edifice itself, the principal front of which appears rather crushed and pinched up, though the repeated contemplation of it continually reveals fresh beauties. The only objects that struck me as objectionable were the two gigantic golden genii on the attica, each of which raises one arm and both wings perpendicularly towards the sky; and, with its outlines, totally deficient in repose, and visible from a great distance, pursues the spectator in all directions. Directly he enters, the visitor is struck by one of the principal beauties of the new theatre: the large dimensions of all the localities attached to the auditorium, among them being the spacious grand vestibule, with the statues, in a sitting posture, of celebrated composers; the imposing crush room, supported on columns; and the entrance to the play-places, where the attendants, decked out in massy official chains, preside with the dignity of judges over all who come in or go out. As with us in Vienna, the magnificent staircase, with its broad flights of steps, constitutes the gem of the building, and after this comes the foyer, or saloon. The latter is far larger and more brilliant than the one in Vienna, and so lofty that the visitor dislocates his neck in the vain attempt to make out, on the ceiling painted by Baudry, the connection between the various figures tumbling and sprawling over each other. You fancy you will be blinded by the walls streaming with gold, the chandeliers sparkling with their hundred lights, and the gigantic mirrors, which indefinitely reflect all the gorgeousness of the confused mass. Cloyed with this glittering magnificence, you turn from the grand saloon into the *avant-foyer*. The walls of this are decorated with mythological pictures executed in costly mosaic; it seems as though a piece of the Byzantine splendor of St. Mark's had been mislaid and found its way here. Mosaic is the special fancy of Garnier, the architect of the theatre. He was obliged to send for workmen from Venice, as there were none in Paris who understood this branch of art. Though marvellously carried out, these mosa-

ics strike one in their present situation as a motiveless improvisation. Indeed, the whole, generally, is, to my taste, too luxurious, too heavy with gold, and, in a word, too loud in color, especially for a theatre, in which the accessory portions, though beautiful and convenient, should not be the principal consideration, and attract everyone's entire attention. Such decoration strikes me as greatly overstepping the limits of artistic beauty, and as suggesting the swagger of the spendthrift. We think first of the millionaire and only afterwards of the artist. The staircase of the Vienna Operahouse, with its white marble and fine architectural proportions, and our foyer, with its cheerful elegance, and its highly poetical frescoes, are not so dazzling in their effect, but they are more stately and noble. The mural paintings of our never-to-be-forgotten Schwind illustrate well-known scenes from the most celebrated operas which have made their mark in Vienna. It is something of this kind, something historical, which I grievously miss in the pictorial decoration of the Paris Operahouse. Mythology, nothing save mythology, reigns there. From the Muses (reduced to eight because funds for the ninth were forgotten) to the large ceiling-pictures of "Harmony and Melody" "Apollo's Victory over Marsyas," etc., naught but allegorical and mythological figures! There would have been plenty of room left for these, even if one hall, or one saloon, had been devoted to the great and important persons and events in whom and in which the history of French opera is richer than any other. Heavy magnificence, bristling with gold, characterises, also, the auditorium, especially the proscenium and the stage-boxes. Such a number of massive gold reliefs, gold lyres, gold trump-blowing genii, etc., produces an effect which oppresses the spectator, while it diverts his attention. Much of this, may, though in time, be diminished, partly from the force of habit among the public, and partly by the gradual softening down of all the glitter itself.

In the way of comfort the auditorium is nearly perfection. The fauteuils are wide; the rows of seats have plenty of space between them; and access to all the places is easy. A large carpet covers the entire flooring, renders inaudible the footsteps of those who are continually coming or going, and gives the parquet the appearance of an elegant saloon. The ventilation is not for a moment to be compared with the system (which cannot be too highly praised) adopted in the Vienna Operahouse. In the midst of so much comfort and luxury, there are two evils in the Paris Operahouse which are inexplicable. These are the cloak-room and the refreshment-room. The ideal of a cloak-room has never yet been realized. Crowding, draughts, and confusion, seem to be the sponsor gifts bestowed by Fate upon all such institutions, even in the dearest theatre in the world—namely, the Italian Operahouse, London. The most spacious and best sheltered cloak-room in existence is that of which the Vienna Operahouse boasts. In Paris the cloak-rooms for the pit consist of three or four small compartments, at the counters of which only three gentlemen can stand and be served at one time. Still more frightful—nay, when compared to the brilliant foyer next to it, almost ghostly—is the refreshment-room; a melancholy and badly lighted passage, with naked grey walls, and scarcely any fittings. The conviction that such a room, out of place anywhere save in old barracks or a prison, is only provisional, forces itself involuntarily upon one.

Th's, indeed, is the fact. Nothing but money is wanting to carry out the original elegant design. There is little hope, however, of the hole being improved for a considerable period, though it ought not to have been tolerated, especially in Paris, for a single week.

The signal for the rising of the curtain, the three heavy blows on a wooden block, is heard—certainly an antediluvian substitute for the sound of the bell; but, on account of a credible tradition connected with it, still retained all over France. These three blows, and the date, 1669, prominently displayed in large figures over the stage, are—if we exclude the busts of a few composers—all that reminds us of the two hundred years that the Académie Nationale de Musique has been in existence. The curtain—a "curtain" in the strict acceptation of the term, purple, with a white lace border, without any figures—goes up. The opera given is *Les Huguenots*. We observe with satisfaction that the fiddle-bows of the violinists never come between our eyes and the stage, and that the instruments do not drown the voices of the singers; the orchestra lies lower than ours: this is right. The acoustic qualities of the house are good, if not so excellent as in the house which was burnt down in the Rue Le Pelletier, and which was mostly constructed of wood. The new house is more favorable to the singers than to the instrumentalists, from whom we should have expected more vigor and brilliancy. The defect is attributable, not to the more than usually low level of the orchestra, but to its numbers, which are insufficient for so large a space. With ten or fifteen more violins the defect would be remedied. And now about the performance itself. We are bound to state openly and fearlessly that the musical execution at the new Operahouse is not in any way comparable to the magnificence and grandeur of the building. The singing birds are not worth such a bejewelled and golden cage. On the stage, nearly all that I considered excellent, and of any value, was the scenery, costumes, ballets, and processions. With the exception of one or two, the singers individually can lay no claim to be considered first-class artists, worthy of the Grand Paris Operahouse; which, however, has the right, and is bound to have the very best of everything. Two facts, unreservedly communicated to me, prove, more forcibly than any description of mine could prove, the musical deterioration of the famous institution. Gounod will not allow his *Polycette*, and Verdi will not allow his *Aida* to be played there as long as the company is constituted as at present. Villaret, the tenor, sang the part of Raoul—Villaret, an aged and corpulent cad (*Philister*), all whose mimic power consists in a permanent stupidly-knowing smile, and all whose action is restricted to two stereotyped movements of the arms. His voice is still strong, though no longer mellow nor fresh. He never knew anything about the art of singing; and the first romance ("Plus blanche,") which must not be screamed, is beyond him. In a character such as that of Raoul his mere appearance produces a comical impression. I could not help continually glancing over to Roger, who was in the pit, contemplating this Raoul with a truly elegiac mien. What must have been going on in the breast of so clever and amiable an artist, who, in the same character, has touched and entranced every heart! Mdlle. Gabriele Krauss sang the music of Valentine in the hollow tremulous voice which we know so well in Vienna. A good musician, intelligent, and experienced as she is, she gets through the part respectably, without, however, once carrying away her audience. To speak truth, the public, who, as a rule, leave the *claque* to do the applause, though they throw off their reserve in the case of their favorites, such as Faure, Miolan, and some others, assumed a rather passive attitude towards her. Even the Parisian critics, usually so good-natured, especially for Mdlle. Krauss, indulged in anxiously palliative terms about her Valen-

tine. For Paris, this lady's principal merit is, there can be no doubt, the correctness and certainty with which she speaks French. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, a lady between forty and fifty, with well preserved remains of beauty and voice, was the Queen. She sings also the characters of Gretchen, Julia, and Ophelia, and was thus a perfect godsend when she winged her flight from the Opéra-Comique to the Grand Opéra. She is an admirable adept in husbanding her resources; and if her efforts want the depth and power of passion, they enlist the sympathies of the public by the charm of sober and elegant art. The Parisians evince a feeling of pious and tender regard for their artists; and the recollection of Mad. Miolan in her prime acts for them as a sounding-board, which strengthens her voice of to-day. In Paris more particularly, therefore, the respect manifested for this fair artist is intelligible and justifiable.

As Mad. Miolan towers artistically above all the other ladies of the Grand Opéra, so does the popular baritone, Faure, tower above the men. His easy and elegant style of acting still shows that he came from the Opéra-Comique. In the noble development of the tone, and in the perfect blending of the latter with the clearly articulated words, in all the artistic resources of vocalization and expressive cantilena, Faure is not to be surpassed. It is only when anything depends upon iron energy and force of voice that he is behind our own Beck in the results obtained. Faure's *Don Juan* ends just about where Beck's *Don Juan* begins: in the banquet scene of the second finale. Such parts as that of Nevers, in *Les Huguenots*, become, in Faure's hands, without his putting himself intrusively forward, central points of interest in the drama. Marcel is still sung valiantly by old Belval, the Paris Draxler. In Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* Faure plays the part of the hero with intelligence and delicate feeling, and Mad. Miolan that of Ophelia with quiet grace. They are supported very unworthily by Mad. Gueymard, a veteran songstress without a voice, or the least trace of talent, as Queen Gertrude; by a very middling King Claudius (Ponsard); and by a melancholy little tenor (Bosquin) as Laertes.

I heard a different set of artists in Halévy's *Juive*. Mdlle. Manduit as Rachel, the most insignificant and uninteresting singer it is possible to conceive. She appears in the first act with blond hair combed upwards, and a broad plait round her forehead, without turban or veil. Her whole performance was not even bad: it was a nullity. The representative of Eleazar, Monsieur Solomon, soon won the sympathies of the audience, who, the day before, had put up with M. Villaret, as Raoul. A vigorous, well-grown young man, with a soft and sonorous tenor voice, which, though somewhat veiled and not quite taking enough in the high notes, sounds as healthy as his style is simple and straightforward. We prophesy for this beginner, so liberally endowed by nature, a fine career, provided he possesses sufficient industry and intelligence. There was certainly nothing of the latter quality to be discovered in his Eleazar, for he had not the least notion of the part. Neither the national characteristic of the Jew, nor his fanatical disposition, thirsting for revenge, were indicated by a single look. M. Solomon played the whole part with his head majestically erect, in an unctuous manner, as mild as buttermilk, and as though he wanted to bless all Christendom—a perfect apostle. Never have I witnessed such a dramatic mistake. Mad. Daram, a little person, tolerably devoid of personal charm, who played also the Page in *Les Huguenots*, sang the music of Eudoxie very respectably, with a flexible little voice. Prince Leopold (Bosquin) was evidently a Saxon schoolmaster in disguise, and performed with the most exhilarating effect. The operatic performances in Vienna are certainly defective in many respects; but when one is at the Grand Opéra, Paris, and thinks of voices like those of Mesdes, Ehn, Materna, Wilt; of Herren Beck, Roki-

tansky, Müller, Labatt, and others, one feels a pleasant patriotic feeling permeate one's breast. Let us, however, turn rather to the sunny side of the Paris Opéra. I mean the *mise-en-scène*, employing the word in its widest acceptance. First comes the scenery. This does not belong to the obtrusive kind, in which the painter strives to obtain effects of color and brilliancy at any price; it consists of poetically-conceived pictures, full of character. How beautiful, and marked by sombre feeling, is the snow-clad landscape and terrace in the first act of *Hamlet*, how regally cheerful the Parc de Chenonceaux in the second act of *Les Huguenots*, with its monumental flight of steps, on which are pictorially arranged a battalion of pages, ladies of the Court, and halberdiers! How charming, and, at the same time, how grand, is the open stretch of meadow, where the tournament is held, in the third act of *La Juive*, with the knightly castle and the mountain range in the background! The art displayed in the scenery finds a pendant in the rich, picturesque, and historically-true costumes, and the effective arrangement of the groups and processions. The entry of the Emperor in the first act of *La Juive*, as well as the tournament and ballet in the third, must be classed among the most perfect scenic specimens of the kind. An unusually charming idyllic picture opens the fourth act of *Hamlet*—the rustic dance, with which Ophelia's original songs are so gracefully interwoven. The ballets exhibit tasteful splendor and great precision of movement. I could not perceive in them any vast store of female beauty, though (or, because?), being in the manager's box, which is on the stage itself, I had the ladies close to me. I enjoyed a still nearer view of them in the celebrated "*Foyer de la Danse*," an elegant apartment, where the fair dancers congregate in full ballet costume, and receive the homage of the *Jeunesse* (and *Vieillesse*) *dorée*. This is a right which the male subscribers would not give up at any price, and which can be exercised only in dress coat and white necktie. A gem of the new Operahouse, and, perhaps, the most precious innovation connected with it, is to be found—unknown and unappreciated by the public—on the fifth story. I allude to the library and archives of the Grand Opéra, preserved in a magnificent locale, and in the most exemplary order. In this respect the new Paris Operahouse is a model for all the theatres in the world, and, some day or other, I will beg my readers to climb up with me to the fifth story aforesaid.

#### To Parents and Guardians.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

I recollect once being told by a celebrated Professor that in his classes there was always one pupil who profited by every lesson, and that was himself. So conscientious an admission as this is indeed rare from one constantly engaged in tuition: but all who know how much more difficult it is to teach than to learn must feel that every year adds to their store of experience, and cannot but admire the genuineness of the reply given by an eminent pianist to a lady, who applied to him for "finishing" lessons, that "he would be happy to do his best, but that he had not yet finished himself." The truth is that, as a rule, although persons may admit the necessity of bestowing time and attention upon the acquisition of an art, they do not consider that an almost equal amount of time and attention is necessary to study how to convey a knowledge of that art to others; and thus it is that, trading upon the ignorance of parents and guardians who desire that those entrusted to their care shall "learn music," showy pianists, unformed singers, and shallow theorists often make a better income than those who have always zealously labored to place their pupils in the right path, unmoved by the gentle admonitions directly or indirectly conveyed to them during their course of instruction. Let the truth not be disguised that at many private seminaries Professors of music



are engaged, not because they are talented and hold a high position in the world of art, but because they can "introduce a pupil." At others, ladies who have studied music as an accomplishment are themselves the proprietors and teachers of the establishment, placing, however, the name of an eminent player or singer in the prospectus, at ruinous terms, if such instruction "be desired;" and at some schools it is well known that so little is music regarded that even those who send their daughters there are not aware by whom they are taught. To enlarge therefore upon the utter want of musical knowledge displayed by the majority of amateurs whilst the opportunities for acquiring it are so limited, would be manifestly absurd; but a few observations upon the subjects most commonly ignored or misunderstood in early training may perhaps meet the eyes of those who select Professors, or have them selected for them, and lead them to make enquiries before committing a pupil to their charge.

In the first place, as our hands are not formed for the Pianoforte, it is obvious that we have to form them. Four fingers and a thumb are not easily brought under such perfect subjection as to ensure equality of execution, without a long course of diligent and patient study; and at the commencement, therefore, it is as necessary to be taught how to hold our fingers over the key-board, in order to play, as to be taught how to hold our pen over the paper in order to write. It is true that the fingers may be dabbed down on the key-board, so as to produce a sound, as the pen may be dashed on the paper to produce a mark; but the intelligent master foresees the necessity of preparing for rapid execution in the one case, and for rapid writing in the other, and will not therefore allow a pupil to commence in a position which he knows to be a wrong one. Seeing that the thumb is short, strong, and separated from the fingers, like an unruly child, it will unquestionably baffle all attempts at discipline, if vigorous measures be not adopted at first. "Five finger exercises" are all very well if practised in all keys, and so that a coin placed upon the hand shall remain undisturbed; and remain there until it is wanted again, how long will it be before the four fingers can be joined with a fifth? "Practising the scales" every day is usually considered as easy a matter as going out to take a walk; but the truth is that it requires a trained ear to detect whether two consecutive notes, even, are played with precisely the same tone. How much more difficult then to play three, and pass the thumb under upon the fourth without the slightest perceptible jerk to the player or listener: and yet this is what children are permitted to attempt, either without any supervision at all, or under the direction of a Governess who, although a "brilliant pianist" has never perhaps studied even the elements of the art she professes to teach. No wonder, then, that "playing the scales" is too often regarded by children as a sort of treadmill for the fingers, to which they are condemned for the crime of being young; and the fact of their ardently longing for the time of their emancipation is pretty evident from their almost invariably ignoring scale practice as soon as they possibly can; indeed I was once told by a pianist of the ripe age of thirteen, that her little sister "ran up her scales," but that she had "got beyond them." That in the majority of schools the great aim is to "play fast" may be proved by the number of Exercises for "velocity," and the very few for "equality," which are used; and as rapid music, with juvenile players, always generates rapid practice, there can be no wonder why the touch is often irretrievably destroyed at an age when it should be steadily in the process of formation. All this is, of course, bad enough; and hard, indeed, is the task of the master who is called upon in after years to "finish" what has never been commenced; but when we consider the blank state of the young pupil's mind upon the principles

of the art on leaving school, it would in truth be strange, even supposing that her executive powers had been carefully trained, if she could give the slightest meaning to the simplest piece until she had been, bar by bar, coached up in it by a teacher who would continue to think for her. Such a statement may seem strange to many; but I speak from experience, and an official investigation on the subject (which must some day come) will prove that at numerous Educational Establishments where the highest terms are paid, the pupils, who have for years scrambled through pieces in imitation of the manner in which they have heard them performed by their master, are utterly ignorant of what key they are playing in, the value of notes and rests, the various species of time, the merest rudiments of phrasing, or the correct method of executing any one of the various embellishments to be met with in the simplest composition.

And now, to take these subjects in the order here mentioned, I would ask how any accurate knowledge is to be gained by the method in which they are usually attempted to be taught in schools. A pupil is told to look at the signature of a piece in order to know what key it is in, and always to believe that it is in a major key, unless she finds that the fifth (which is not the fifth, but the seventh) is continually raised. Of course, if she had never been "taught" there would be some hope for her, as she would then have no confused ideas about the "relative minor," and simply name the note upon which the whole piece is founded, reckoning whether the third from it is large or small. Beethoven's *Sonata pathétique*, for example, would be said by any child to be "in C" (if she were not tempted by her "teaching" to say that it is in E flat major), and it would then require but small calculation to find that the third is minor, according to the signature. That the minor key is constructed out of the materials used for what is termed its "relative major" is a matter of musical history, with which a pupil should have nothing to do at first. The fact is, that in modern music the question should be whether a piece is in a certain tonic major or minor, and it is absurd to suppose that there is any difficulty in determining this. Granted that by adopting this method we get rid of many time-honored notions inseparably bound up with obsolete scales, we at least teach in accordance with the age we live in; and from experience I can say that I never heard a young pupil succeed in naming the key by adhering to the old system, and never heard her fail by following the new.

Were we to see a child throwing down shillings, sixpences, florins, half-crowns, and threepenny pieces in a heap upon the table, and, without noticing their relative differences, pettishly exclaiming that she "cannot make up a pound's worth of silver," we should certainly reprove her and say that her task will be hopeless unless she patiently counts the precise value of each piece of money, and thoroughly understands the fact that twenty shillings make a pound. Yet this is what is daily going on at many of our schools with notes instead of coins. Minims, crotchets, quavers, dots, double dots, rests, &c., convey no idea to the performer, because she has never been taught from the first to count them; and when, thoroughly disheartened, she exclaims that she "never can play in time," she really means that her experiment of ascertaining the value of notes without counting them has been unsuccessful. To help her over this difficulty, and make both herself and her parents believe that she is "getting on," the passages are often played to her, and her imitation of what she hears (like a drawing "touched up" by the master) passes with those who know no better as the result of the excellent teaching she is receiving. Counting, in learning to play, like spelling, in learning to read, is merely a means to an end; and an experienced performer, therefore, can dispense with the first, as an experienced reader can dispense with the second: but both are neces-

sary in early training; and were a child taught that the value of a note is as important as its pitch, no misapprehension on the subject could ever occur; indeed it may be said that any young player who pursues the method of carefully counting every note and rest will find that the real difficulty is to play out of time.

Coming now to the subject usually headed in instruction-books "The various species of time," it can scarcely be imagined that much sound knowledge can exist upon the matter, considering that, in reality, it has nothing whatever to do with the "time" in which a piece is to be played, but merely relates to the measure, or rhythm. As the word itself, then, conveys no meaning to students, it is not likely that the two figures usually placed at the commencement will help them in doing more than arriving at a knowledge of the number of notes contained in a bar; so that 2 means 2, 6 means 6, 12 means 12, and 9 means 9; the rhythm (of course represented by the grouping, which is utterly ignored) being, although the most important matter, scarcely spoken of. Ask a child what 6.8 time is, and you will be told (if she remember the words she has been taught) that it is six quavers in the bar, which is of course like saying that 6.8 signifies 6.8. Tell her that it has two beats in the bar, and she will wonder what you mean; for she will of course imagine that six quavers, made up anyhow, must be 6.8 time. All this false teaching arises from the fact of the quantity instead of the measure (in "compound time," as it is termed) being represented by the upper of the two figures. Were it ever the custom to teach that you may take four, two or three notes of any kind in the bar—that when these notes are without dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots they must move in threes, there would be nothing more to learn, for the licence of writing triplets in simple time is known to every child. That any young pupil will arrive at this fact herself I am inclined to doubt, for in the little teaching she has had, the truth (as far as compound time at least is concerned) is carefully hidden. How, for instance, can she discover that 6.4 or 6.8 is merely moving in two triplets in the bar, in the same time as two doublets, when she is impressed with the conviction that, in all cases, a "dot after a note makes it half as long again?"

Were pupils taught to unbar their music in order to get at the phrasing intended by the composer, they would at once be able to sing with their fingers as they should sing with the voice; but whilst the lingering notion prevails that the bar lines do more than regulate the measure, there can be little hope of any clear ideas on the subject. To finger a passage as you phrase it, it is necessary to know how you should phrase it; and although this is clearly enough expressed upon the paper, we rarely find that pupils do more than imitate the master, because they are not taught those principles which can ever make the music come from themselves. Take, for instance, the second subject in Beethoven's *Sonata in G minor* (Op. 49, No. 1)—a well-known school piece—and were it taught as a child would be taught to read a book—in phrases instead of single notes—it could be fingered in no other way than with the fourth finger on the first F in the second bar, and the thumb on the next F, because the first ends a phrase and the second begins one; but the pupil who even fingers it correctly, having no reason for so doing, plays both F's with precisely the same touch, because all she knows is what she has been told—that the "principal accent takes place on the first of the bar," and can scarcely comprehend that the beginning or end of a phrase can occur in any part of the bar that the composer pleases: indeed that the first note of a bar is often the last note of a phrase never enters the mind, and the listener therefore hears each sentence chopped up into bars, precisely as he often hears a beautiful piece of poetry chopped up into lines, the measure, of course, with untrained

pupils, in both instances taking precedence of, and therefore obscuring, the sense.

The manner of performing the numerous embellishments in the music both of the past and present time is so little systematized in teaching that the pupils seem left to grope out a method for themselves; so that turns and shakes are usually played rather as interruptions than as ornaments to the flow of a passage. *Appoggiaturas*, too, are often performed as *acciaccaturas*, and *acciaccaturas* as *appoggiaturas*; indeed in the majority of Instruction Books the two are positively confounded together. If this ignorance then exist in the teacher, how can we wonder at the ignorance of the pupil? Turns, direct and inverted, over notes and over dots; shakes, beats, &c., are no doubt easily explained, but they are more easily played, by the master; and a pupil generally prefers hearing a thing done to being told the theory of doing it.

Of course I could extend these observations to a much greater length—for the theme is sufficiently fertile—but my object, as I have already said, is simply to draw the attention of those who have the care of young people, to the manner in which much of the musical education in this country is now conducted. The day may come when the possession of a diploma, granted by competent authorities, shall be considered—as in the medical profession—the only proof of thorough competence; but this time has not yet arrived, and it behoves parents and guardians, therefore, to think for themselves in the matter, and to exercise a little care in the choice of masters for a branch of education which is now rapidly ceasing to be treated, even in fashionable society, as a mere showy accomplishment. A sound musical training should be guaranteed in every establishment of any position; and this cannot be expected whilst either apathy or ignorance is permitted or overlooked at the lessons; for to ensure steady and satisfactory progress in the pupil, it is necessary that the master shall not only teach all he knows, but that he shall know all he teaches.—*London Musical Times*.

### The "Vibrato," (alias "Tremolo," alias "Wobble.")

The following letter to the *London Musical Standard* (from our excellent friend WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS?), touches many of our own singers, as well as those in England; although we think we can say that the evil practice has considerably abated here of late.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL STANDARD."

SIR,—During the past musical season a tendency to indulge in "vibrato" singing on the part of many vocalists who have occupied prominent positions has been only too frequent, and, so far as I have seen, the press has passed by this terrible feigning without the censure it assuredly deserves.

In the case of the quartett of vocalists brought here by Verdi to sing in his Requiem, and who presented so many admirable qualities in their singing, the public press seemed deaf and blind to the fatal fault to which I have referred. The soprano was quite incapable of sustaining with a steady tone A above the staff, and I heard, during one of the Requiem performances, a lady near me, remark, "what a beautiful shake the vocalist had," when composer and singer were guiltless of any intention to introduce a shake.

Now all true and well educated vocalists know that a shaking or trembling voice is not a desirable thing to cultivate, but the very reverse, and that it is also a sure indication of insufficient or false training, or of taxing the vocal organs beyond their natural capabilities. It is, of course, sometimes the result of failing powers from old age, and frequently in such cases we can admire the skill of the artist who, triumphing over his physical failings, causes us to regard chiefly his ripened judgment and mental superiority; but when youth begins to imitate the palsies of old age it is time for those who stand by to raise a warning voice. Yours, &c.,

W. H. C.

THE *Standard* editorially endorses the complaint, and carries it still farther, thus:

Our correspondent W. H. C. is entitled to speak with authority, and his warning against the constant indulgence of the *vibrato* should engage, not only the serious attention of vocalists themselves, but the careful consideration of the musical profession and public. A couple of years ago we ourselves attacked the evil, and now that there is no sign of the diminution of the disease, it is high time again to comment on it, and protest against the pernicious practice. Like many current vices, it might have had its origin in what—for the nonce—we may term a virtue. It is probable that a singer, carried away by intense feeling at some specially dramatic situation, may have first employed the *vibrato*, to intensify the effect of the music. And this was only in accordance with the dictates of nature, for the voice invariably trembles with deep passionate feeling. Used in this unaffected and natural way, the *vibrato* is charming, and unquestionably heightens the effect of the situation thus treated. But we may have too much even of the best things, and the misuse of this grace, and the exaggeration into which it has grown, have now assumed alarming proportions. That which gave a thrilling intensity to certain notes in particular passages, has developed into a lachrymose trembling on every note sung; and now the abuse of a useful feature has created in unsophisticated minds a strong objection to its employment at all. This indeed is not to be wondered at, for the vice is spreading so widely, and rapidly becoming so fashionable, that, unless checked, we shall soon have our musicians imitating "the palsies of old age," as W. H. C. puts it, instead of interpreting their art with robust strength. Let it be clearly understood that a trembling voice is a blemish, not a beauty; and that the unpleasant feature is not a thing to be desired, but a defect to be regretted. Its constant use denotes not only bad taste, but bad training, or else a worn out voice. Hitherto this detestable style has been exclusively confined to foreign singers—chiefly French—but there are signs of its adoption by some of our young English singers. There is no need to mention names, but concert goers of the present season must have heard more than one aspirant for the palsied *roûle*. These young vocalists would soon abandon the practice could they but appreciate the sorry exhibition that they make of themselves; they should reflect that this vocal asthma eliminates all healthy vigor from music, and only supplies in its place, a feeble enervating effect that quickly palls on the ear, and soon excites weariness and disgust.

But the evil takes a wider range than even our correspondent points out: it has extended very considerably into the instrumental world of music. Solo players on the violin have not been permitted its exclusive use, but all the members of the stringed family freely employ it. The various kinds of wind instruments are following suit: from the gentle flute to the brazen ophicleide, all seem afflicted with the senseless wobble. The street cornet player is great in the tremolo; as to the precise kind of taste which causes its employment here, we care not to enquire. Ever the majestic organ has become addicted to the vice; mechanical tremulants, and registers of the "Unda Maris" and "Voix celeste" qualities find favor among the admirers of this nuisance. Of course the harmonium has coarsely imitated the feature; and very distressing it is to hear some choice ditty wobbling its shaky length along on the sixteen feet stop to which the tremolo is attached. The evil has thus become so general, that, unless a change takes place, the uninstructed public will fancy the whole body of musicians to be suffering from a sort of St. Vitus's dance.

### Madame Patey.

(From the "Saturday Programme," London.)

What opera is to Italy, so are oratorio and the British ballads to England. During the last ten years English opera, properly so-called, has been sadly neglected in London, but we have kept up our taste for ballets and oratorios with a vengeance. Our repertory in each department is a most extensive one, while, so far as artists and chorists are concerned, we are equal to any nation on the face of the globe. In Germany the taste for oratorios is shared with that for operas. In Italy oratorios are almost unknown. The Americans do not at present possess our opportunities and resources in this respect, though they are fast making up for lost time; while the taste for oratorio in France, long dormant, is now apparently only about to be revived. In England the case is different. Not only in London, where we have upwards of thirty amateur choral societies, but in every town of any importance in the

provinces may be found associations of amateurs who practise and perform oratorios and other choral works. The love of this branch of the art is, in fact, general throughout the country, and the numerous performances of oratorios given in the course of the winter season afford employment to almost as many artists as can be found for the work. This being the case, it almost becomes a matter of course that the name of a great and popular English vocalist should be peculiarly identified with oratorio. And so it is in the case of Madame Patey. First as Miss Whytock, afterwards as Madame Patey-Whytock, and still more recently as Madame Patey, the lady has been for many years celebrated as an oratorio singer. Since the retirement of Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Patey has come still more into prominent notice, and she now stands, without fear of rivalry, the leading contralto of England. There is no artist, English or foreign, before the public who can approach her on her own ground, and in oratorio Madame Patey unquestionably stands the first contralto vocalist of the day.

When last year the energetic and talented M. Lamoureux made a vigorous and highly successful attempt to reintroduce oratorio into France, it was to Madame Patey that he applied to become his chief contralto soloist. Jealous as French musicians naturally are of the supposed pre-eminence of their own country in all musical matters, the utter absence of a French contralto vocalist of adequate talent and experience for the performance of oratorio was perforce admitted, and Madame Patey was offered, and accepted, a special fee to cross the Channel to sing the *Messiah* in French. All the articles, critical or adulatory, that could be written, and all the applause gained in her own country, cannot proclaim Madame Patey's high talent better than this simple fact. Few, very few, English artists are able to make a name on the Continent; but Madame Patey's success in Paris was so great that she was specially retained to sing before the highly critical audience of the Société des Concerts (better known as the Conservatoire Concerts), the performance of which, amateurs need hardly be reminded, rank on the Continent equal only to those of the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig and the Philharmonic Concerts of Vienna. In America, too, Madame Patey is a great favorite, and this, notwithstanding that the New World possesses some highly-gifted contralto vocalists of its own.

As a ballad-singer Madame Patey has also a high and well-merited reputation. It has been said, and with some degree of truth, that many vocalists of high talent cannot sing a simple ballad. This is, to a certain extent, a fact, so far as many foreign artists are concerned, but most English vocalists can sing ballads. Madame Patey's fame, in this respect, therefore, needs no special comment; she has for many years been the chief contralto vocalist at Mr. John Boosey's ballad concerts, while, for every important concert given in London or the provinces, at every musical festival, and wherever there is English music to be sung, we find Madame Patey's name at the head of the list of contraltos. In the English provinces Madame Patey's popularity has long ago been assured. A distinguished English amateur once said he had heard a great many English and foreign artists in the provinces, some were highly popular: some were much admired for special gifts of nature or of training; some drew large audiences for brilliancy of vocalization; but the name of Madame Patey was held throughout the country with a general feeling of the deepest respect. This is true. The lady is greatly admired as an artist, but it is still more flattering mark of regard to say that Madame Patey is universally respected as an Englishwoman.

It has been the custom at this season of the year, for some years past, for Madame Patey to take round the provinces a representative troupe of English vocalists. Other troupes, both English and foreign, go the rounds, some to give concerts, others to give performances of operas; but, though they often attract large and brilliant audiences, Madame Patey's concert party never suffers in popularity by competition. It appeals especially to a very large class of provincial amateurs, who love to hear English music sung by English vocalists; and Madame Patey's concert troupe finds nightly employment in the large towns until the winter performances of oratorio interfere with the arrangements of the individual members of the company, and it is compelled to be temporarily disbanded. It may surprise many amateurs to hear, although the directors of country choral societies and other provincial *entrepreneurs* are fully aware of the fact, that, notwithstanding the large number of English vocalists



available for the purpose, so great is the demand at Christmas time, that the engagements with the principal artists have to be made in July, and that, except for special occasions, it is almost hopeless to retain the services of the leading English vocalists after September or October.

In any notice of Madame Patey it would be impossible to avoid mentioning the name of her husband, Mr. J. G. Patey. As a theoretical and practical musician Mr. Patey holds a very high position so high, indeed, that if he had been gifted by nature as he is gifted in art he would have been able to make for himself a great name in English history. How much each of this talented couple owes to the other only their private friends can tell; nor does it so far concern the public to know. Madame Patey is now in her prime as an artist. By dint of hard work and great talent she has raised herself to the high position she now occupies, and when (we hope many years hence) she, following the example of her eminent predecessor, Madame Sainton-Dolby, chooses to relinquish the more active duties of her profession, and to seek repose in honorable retirement, she will enjoy the consciousness that she has done her duty to her art, and has fairly earned the right to the proud title of a representative English vocalist.

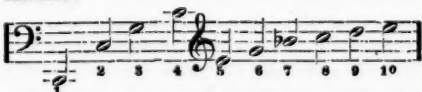
### Helmholtz on the Quality of Sounds.

(From "Church's Musical Visitor.")

I.

It is perhaps not new to the reader that Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, has been engaged for a number of years in carefully investigating the nature of sound. The results of his experiments and deductions make up his work, called "*Tonempfindungen*," which was the source of a large part of Tyndall's "Sound," and the clever little book by Mr. Sedley Taylor, called "The Science of Music" (lately published by the Appletons, price \$1). The pitch of Helmholtz's discoveries lies, perhaps, in the matter of "partial tones," and "combination tones."

A musical sound—i. e., one having definite pitch—Helmholtz calls a "klang," the word "tone" conveying the idea of a pure and simple sound; whereas few musical sounds are simple tones, but rather combinations of several sounds, which together form a chord. This complexity of klang is most easily recognized in the hum of a bell. For example, the great bell of "Notre Dame" College, at South Bend, Indiana (presented by Napoleon III.), prolongs its clang for some five minutes after being struck, during the most of which time it sounds exactly like a full chord on a very large organ. Let us understand, then, that almost every musical klang consists of a more or less audible chief tone, along with which are heard a number of "harmonic over-tones." The fundamental tone is commonly much stronger than the other "partial tones" of the klang. By "klang-tint" is meant that element of the klang which enables one to distinguish between the tone of a violin and the tone of a flute or any other instrument. The full assortment of over-harmonics reaches as high as ten or twelve. For instance:



The figures give the number of vibrations of each partial tone, as compared with the fundamental.

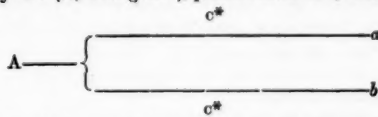
But not every klang has all these partial tones. The klang of a stopped organ-pipe blown at a low wind pressure, gives scarcely any trace of partial tones. The tone of the violin is full of partial tones. Again, the partial tones may be of greater or less intensity, as compared with the fundamental note of the klang. It is the *number and relative intensity of the partial tones* which gives every musical sound its characteristic quality. Even with but four partial tones, and two degrees of intensity, the variation in quality becomes very great. For instance, let  $f$  and  $p$  be the degrees of intensity. With one tone soft, we have  $ffpf$ ,  $ffpf$ ,  $ffpf$ ,  $ffpf$ . With two tones  $p$ , we have  $pppf$ ,  $pppf$ ,  $pppf$ ,  $pppf$ . Total 14. But as a slight variation in the relative intensity of a single partial tone makes a perceptible change in the quality of the klang, four partial tones would in fact give us a very large number of variations of color.

The unaccustomed ear will of course be unable to detect the presence of partial tones in the klang, still less to determine accurately exactly what tones

are present, and in what degree of intensity. Helmholtz employs what he calls a "resonator"—a hollow sphere of brass, with a small funnel at one opening, opposite which is a smaller tube to insert into the ear. Such a resonator is in effect a hearing trumpet, tuned to a particular pitch. With a series of such resonators, tuned to different pitches, he was able to determine accurately the presence or absence of given partial tones in any klang. The sum of the "partial-tone" discovery is, then, that every tone-quality is due to the presence of certain specified "partial tones," and their relative intensity—every orchestral instrument having its own ideal pattern of klang, the individual specimens of the same kind more or less closely approximating the standard.

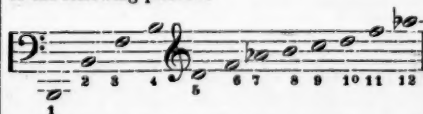
Having hit upon this theory of the real nature of tone-color, and thus solved a conundrum which every investigator before him had been compelled to give up, it remained to demonstrate the truth of his theory by the production of tones of different and determinate quality from the same apparatus, which apparatus seems to me wonderfully ingenious. The key to his apparatus is the fact that a tuning-fork produces a tone almost inaudible, except when its vibrations are communicated to a sounding board (as, *e. g.*, a table or box). Helmholtz discovered that if the vibrating fork be held over the end of a tube of suitable length, the tone would come out clear and strong. For producing each partial tone he employed, therefore, a tuning-fork, fixed opposite a resonating tube, with an opening which could be closed by the interposition of a little damper, or screen, between the tube and the fork, whereby the tube no longer acts as a resonator. The tone comes out clear in proportion as the screen is fully withdrawn. The fork stands vertical on a little table. In order to secure continuous vibration of the fork, he placed its prongs between the poles of an electro-magnet, in such a way that the vibrating prongs would open and close the magnetic circuit. The magnetic current itself was not constant; for if it had been, no vibration could have taken place, since the magnet would have continually attracted the prongs of the fork. At the same time it was indispensable that the interruptions of the current should synchronize with the vibration-times of the fork, since, if the fork vibrate at all, it must do so at its own rate per second. The mechanism by which he accomplished this determinate interruption of the current, was very simple and ingenious. He fixed a large tuning-fork, the fundamental tone of his desired klang, between the poles of an electro-magnet. Each prong of the fork bears a platinum wire, dipping into a cup of mercury, one of which is so adjusted that at the extreme point of each vibration, the platinum wire is drawn out of the mercury.

The current enters through one prong of the fork, say at *a* (A, tuning-fork), passes round to *b*, thence



to the electro-magnet *cc'*, which, becoming magnetic, draws the prongs of the fork asunder, and so breaks the circuit, by withdrawing the prong *a* from its cup of mercury. The circuit broken, the electro-magnet *c'* loses its power, and the circuit is again made, as at first, when instantly it is again broken, and so on with every vibration of the fork.

Helmholtz's apparatus, then, for the synthesis of sound, consisted of a battery of twelve forks, with resonating tubes, like that at first described, tuned to the following pitches:



The whole set in operation by a galvanic current, interrupted by the vibrations of the fork tuned to the fundamental tone of the klang, B flat, as already described.

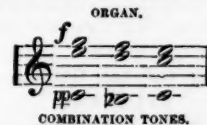
With this apparatus he was able to imitate the vowels of human speech, and most qualities of sound found in organ-pipes and various orchestral instruments. His first trials were made with the first eight forks. U, O, and ô, he obtained quite easily, except that the latter was a little dull for want of the higher partial tones  $c'''$  and  $d'''$ . The fundamental tone, B flat, gave a very dull U. A very beautiful tone, resulted from giving the eighth partial tone

strong and the fourth, sixth, and tenth weaker, the fundamental tone being somewhat diminished. When he suddenly removed the screen, so that the fundamental tone, B flat, came out good and strong, the apparatus immediately and plainly changed its O into U. The vowels *a* and *ā* required the higher partial tones (the fifth to eighth) to be stronger, the others weaker.

The clarinet tone was characterized by the presence of the odd harmonics only—the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth, etc. Oboe, bassoon, horn, etc. had all the partial tones, but of course in varying intensity. The diapason pipes of the organ give all the harmonics up to the fourth. Narrow pipes, such as the "salicional" and "viol da gamba," gave as high as six harmonics. Stopped wooden pipes gave especially the third and fifth partial tones. Pipes with bell openings bring out especially the high harmonics, from the fifth to the seventh, stronger than the lower. The klang Helmholz characterizes as "empty but bright." Instruments of the violin family have the first harmonics weaker than in the piano or guitar; the upper ones (sixth to tenth), on the contrary, being much stronger and plainer.

When two or more sounds are heard at the same time, there result "combination tones" (or, as I have formerly called them, "under-harmonics.") In the case of two klangs sounding together, there will be one resulting combination tone—namely, the "greatest common measure" of the series of vibrations producing the two klangs.

These may easily be heard if a few thirds are played loudly on the reed organ. For instance:



When three klangs are sounded together, there result three combination tones. For instance, the triad, *e-g-c*, contains three intervals, the third *e-g*, the fourth *g-c*, and the sixth *e-c*; or, in notes thus, giving rise to the combination tones below:



So that from this chord there arise these three combination tones:



In short, the principle prevails that every chord gives rise to as many partial tones as the chord contains intervals. The reader who would know more, is referred to "Tyndall on Sound," Sedley Taylor's "Science of Music," and especially Helmholtz's "*Die Lehre von Tonempfindungen*" (Brunswick, Fred. Vieweg & Son).

The practical significance of the discovery of the actual nature of tone-quality is very great, and of that I will speak hereafter.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE POETIC CLAIRVOYANCE.—What is the poet's condition when writing? If Shakespeare called it a "fine frenzy," a modern psychologist would be quite as likely to say it is a kind of clairvoyance. The poet is a medium, and he has always recognized himself as such ever since and long before the invocation which begins the great early epic. He holds the pen, and the divinity, the muse, the inspiration, the genius, the spirit-influence,—whatever the time may choose to call it,—shapes the characters. The difference in this. In the "medium" commonly so called, the mechanical process of writing is automatically performed by the muscles, in obedience to an impulse not recognized as proceeding from the will. In poetical composition the will is first called in requisition to exclude interfering outward impressions and alien trains of thought. After a certain time the second state or adjustment of the poet's double consciousness (for he has two states, just as the somnambulists have) sets up its own automatic movement, with its special trains of ideas and feelings in the thinking and emotional centres. As soon as the fine frenzy or *quasi* trance-state is fairly established, the consciousness watches the torrent of thoughts and arrests the ones wanted, singly with their fitting expression, or in groups of fortunate sequences which he cannot better by after treatment. As the poetical vocabulary is limited

and its plasticity lends itself only to certain moulds, the mind works under great difficulty, at least until it has acquired by practice such handling of language that every possibility of rhythm or rhyme offers itself actually or potentially to the clairvoyant perception simultaneously with the thought it is to embody. Thus poetical composition is the most intense, the most exciting, and therefore the most exhausting of mental exercises. It is exciting because its mental states are a series of revelations and surprises; intense on account of the double strain upon the attention. The poet is not the same man who seated himself an hour ago at his desk, with the dust-cart and the gutter, or the duck-pond and the hay-stack and the barn-yard fowls beneath his window. He is in the forest with the song-birds; he is on the mountain top with the eagles. He sat down in rusty broadcloth, he is arrayed in the imperial purple of his singing-robos. Let him alone now, if you are wise, for you might as well have pushed the arm that was finishing the smile of a Madonna, or laid a rail before a train that had a queen on board, as thrust your untimely question on this half cataleptic child of the muse, who hardly knows whether he is in the body or out of the body. And do not wonder if, when the fit is over, he is in some respects like one who is recovering after an excess of the baser stimulants.—From "Exotica," by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in *September Atlantic*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 4, 1875.

### Robert Franz and the German Volklied and Choral.

We cannot forbear translating and presenting to our readers the principal portions of an essay, recently published at Leipzig, which we feel to be a masterpiece and model of sound, appreciative musical criticism, while it gives a most instructive insight into the whole development of the most important period of musical history: "ROBERT FRANZ und das deutsche Volks- und Kirchenlied," von AUGUST SARAN. The writer, who studied theology in Halle, as well as music with Robert Franz, has already become known here by a remarkable Sonata (Fantasia) and other very original and beautiful piano compositions. In the present writing he pays the most intelligent tribute to the genius of his master which has yet appeared, though Liszt and Ambros have written on the same theme with enthusiasm. Saran here shows us precisely wherein the individuality of Franz and the peculiar characteristic of his Songs and all his work consists. He traces the wonderful rich stream back to its quickening spring in the cradle of the Reformation,—to the old German people's melodies and to the Protestant Choral; and, in so doing, sheds a flood of light upon the peculiar nature and the pregnant principle of that old melody, which contained the germ of polyphonic harmony, and shows the secret of the art of Bach and Handel, and of so much that is greatest and most sure to live in modern German music; while it clearly differentiates two tendencies in great German art,—that of Bach and Handel on the one hand, that of Haydn and Mozart on the other.

We propose to translate by instalments so much as we find practicable without much use of music type. The book has a musical appendix, containing Six Chorals for mixed choir, and Six Old German Songs for one voice, arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by Franz:—all most interesting as showing the remarkable family likeness between this old

melody and that of Franz himself, besides exemplifying the inimitable art which Franz has of harmonizing and accompanying such things according to their nature.—We begin with the biographical portion, showing how Franz grew up under the influence of this old music.

THE SONGS OF ROBERT FRANZ have enjoyed for some time a steadily growing sympathy, as well on the part of the musical public, as on the part of criticism. Outward circumstances may perhaps have contributed to bring the name and the works of this composer nearer to many circles, which hitherto have stood aloof from them. But the warm interest for the artist would hardly find sufficient explanation here, if something did not meet us in his songs, which enchains every deep soul with an irresistible magic.

Criticism has sought to define this something in different ways. Franz Liszt particularly, and A. W. Ambros, and finally Heinr. M. Schuster have said what is sound and full of intelligent appreciation about our composer. [The papers of the first two have been translated in this Journal]. And yet these writers do not seem to us to have drawn the specific and peculiar essence of the Franz muse to the light with perfect clearness. To be sure they elucidate it on several sides in the most striking manner; nevertheless they have not succeeded in referring all the manifold particulars, which come in question, to one all penetrating central point of view, from which they all derive their light. Yet this is absolutely necessary for the right appreciation of Franz's compositions,—and fortunately too it is quite possible, as we here hope to show.

In fact we maintain, and we shall endeavor to prove: that the specific essence of the lyric art of Robert Franz lies in its intimate relationship to the German Volkslied and Church song, as it has developed itself down to Sebastian Bach. The German Protestant Choral is the mother's lap out of which the Franz song was born. All the other elements which the artist may have assimilated to himself in his development, form as it were only the woof to that warp.

The whole course of the composer's life points with all distinctness to this end. Franz has made interesting communications to us, partly by letter, partly by word of mouth in the most private friendly circle, about his early life; those of them which belong to the purpose of the present essay we are tempted to relate.

"My first musical impression," he says in a letter, "of which to be sure I can form only a very vague idea now," (Franz was at that time something over two years old) "goes back to the festival of the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. In Halle, too, high festival was held, and I imagine still, as in a dream, that I can hear a choir of trombones (which, as I was only afterwards informed of course, was executing Luther's immortal hymn: *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*) sounding down from the warder's towers of our principal and city church."

After some years we find the boy in still contentment sitting at the feet of his father, while he sang to his children a "countless number" of beautiful Chorals. Franz's father was born in the middle of the last century; accordingly at a time when the church song represented an incomparably more living power among the people than it does in our days; especially in Halle, the chief seat of pietism, which, together with the awakening of inward piety, also cherished sacred song with warmest interest. Hence although Franz's father, perhaps in consequence of pietistic youthful impressions, had imbibed the prejudices then prevailing in town circles against "breadless arts," and therefore was not the man to talk with of the son's later calling, yet he must have been not without musical endowment. For he intoned the aforesaid Chorals with infallible certainty, and he understood how to reproduce their

singular melodic phrases (*Melismen*) through an accentuation suited to the words. Franz remembered two hymns in particular: *Lasset uns den Herren preisen und vermehren seinen Ruhm*, and *O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte*, whose peculiar figure work on the repetitions of the text still rang distinctly in his ears. As often as the children found the father in the mood for it—which to be sure he was not always—he had to sing to them; and probably our Robert, who actually was never tired of listening, formed the most interested portion of the audience.

Years passed, and by degrees these artistic enjoyments fell off more and more, since Franz's father was one of those exceptional personages who love to occupy themselves with little children rather than with those grown up. On the other hand the boy now entered the public school. Here his musical reminiscences reduce themselves essentially to the characteristic fact, that his irresistible propensity for adding a second part to the Choral melodies which were practised in the singing hours, drew down on him many a chastisement from the weighty hand of the singing master.

Franz had already reached his fourteenth year, when he suddenly conceived a lively desire for some regular musical instruction. At first his parents would hear nothing of it, but they finally gave in to it. Only the teachers, who were given to him, left a great deal to be desired. In spite of that, his talent broke the way for itself. Very soon the inclination came again to occupy himself with Chorals; the consequence of which was that, among friends and acquaintances, he selected those who were animated by a similar passion. At that time (1825–30) individuals so constituted were more easily found and brought together, than is now the case. Each one gave proofs of his facility in Choral playing, and there must at times have been variety enough. For Franz the chief gain consisted in the fact, that from this time forward a steadily growing inclination for church music gained possession of him. That also drew him with all power to the Organ bench; "he ran," as Liszt says, "on Sundays from one church to another, to help out the several organists on single Choral verses."

In his twentieth year Franz left his native city "to study music" with Friedrich Schneider in Dessau. There fate brought him together with a companion with whom he had already made a passing acquaintance at the gymnasium of the Orphan house in Halle. It was a certain Reupsch, a young man, who possessed an altogether uncommon gift for organ improvisation, which he employed almost exclusively in the treatment of the Choral. But in this department his achievements must have been quite extraordinary. Franz has repeatedly assured us, that Reupsch could play with wonderful facility, using any Choral melody he pleased as *cantus firmus*, and furnishing it with the richest basses, and with corresponding figure work. Often had he listened motionless to his improvisation, and he reckoned these hours among the most unforgettable of his life. Naturally he began to make attempts himself to emulate this model, and, with the energy of his peculiar bias, we may well assume, that he acquired thereby a respectable facility in the handling of free counterpoint.

Friedrich Schneider's systematic schooling brought order and proportion into this unbridled play of fancy. His artistic direction may not in other respects have been much to our friend's liking; but anyhow it gave him an excellent technique, which seems in our day to become continually rarer.

Returning to Halle, the incipient artist found right away the opportunity to cultivate his decided fundamental tendency still further. He joined a circle which, formed on the model of that of Thibaut in Heidelberg, occupied itself only with the old Italian and old German art, closing the latter



with Bach and Handel. Here for the first time there rose a light for him over Sebastian Bach; it was the splendid Motet for double chorus: *Fürchte dich nicht, ich bin bei dir*. From that time Bach's compositions, but especially the Chorals, became his daily food. Franz has assured us that he owes the best part of his musical ability to their uninterrupted study.

At the same time he became acquainted with Schubert's compositions, which he devoured with a feverish hunger. Now his fate was decided. The infinitely exciting and fructifying power of Schubert's music kindled the creative spark that slumbered in him, and there arose a series of songs (*Liedern und Gesängen*), which clearly bear the impress of their model. Franz, with a self-denial seldom met with in our time, has kept them in his desk. He felt that his specific individuality had not yet reached in them its full expression. For this he needed first a reconciling process between the old and the new elements, which he had taken up into himself; and this indeed did not come accidentally, but with an inward necessity at the hand of the works of Mendelssohn and Schumann, who were at that time beginning to control the musical world. Hence the first printed works of our author show clear traces of the epoch to which they owe their origin: particularly in their harmony. In the melodic shaping, on the contrary, we recognize from beforehand a specific individual character, which seizes more and more decidedly upon his whole manner of composition, and which has its starting point nowhere else but in the German Choral.

But before we come to the exact proof of this, we must remind the reader, that Franz for many years has been an organist and, as we have often enough had occasion to convince ourselves, availed himself most richly of the opportunity thus offered him, to illustrate Choral melodies in the greatest variety of ways, now simple and now figurative. Moreover he has for many years directed the Halle Singakademie, an institution which has devoted itself almost exclusively to the older, above all the Bach and Handel music.

In spite of all this, our composer's affinity with the Church song would not be adequately explained, unless we took into the account, with these outward circumstances of his life, the strong stamp of an individual mental and moral constitution (*eine sehr ausgeprägte Gemüthsanlage*). Franz is a personality entirely directed toward the inward and ideal. The philosophical movement, which proceeded from Halle in the third and fourth decades of this century, has drawn him deeply into its circle and impressed its stamp upon his turn of mind. But while in many others it degenerated into politico-social and religious radicalism, it has become clarified in him to an ideal aesthetic way of looking at the world. From the bottom of his heart a hater of all outward show and all desire to push himself forward, it lay always outside of our friend's circle of vision to think of plucking virtuoso wreaths or other artist laurels for himself; in the quiet circle of his native town, in very modest outward circumstances, faithfully devoted to the duties of his calling, he has worked incessantly, until his hearing has become impaired so as to make any sort of musical activity impossible. With the sharpest perception of the only field of art that corresponded to his individuality, he has gone on composing, without letting himself be led astray by disparaging criticisms, merely *Lieder und Gesänge*: a self-limitation which, with his undoubtedly conspicuous talent, certainly deserves our admiration. That so decidedly lyric and contemplative a nature should feel itself drawn with especial preference to the old Protestant music, will seem strange to no one who considers the wonderful majesty and splendor of this music and Franz's early musical impressions.

But it is time to take a nearer view of the affinities to which we have alluded, and to adduce our proofs.

(To be Continued.)

### The Musical Season.

The *Advertiser* of Monday anticipates the Fall and Winter music with the following glowing summary of what is promised. Whether the prospects be indeed so "exceptionally brilliant" must depend upon the filling of the blanks, to-wit the programmes, particularly of the Symphony and Oratorio series.

The prospects of the musical season of 1875-76 strike us as exceptionally brilliant, and if the latter year were so fortunate as to include a Handel and Haydn Triennial, its total record might perhaps be unsurpassed. The arrival of two of the greatest musical artists known to Europe is almost daily anticipated. The name of Dr. Hans-Guido Von Bülow first claims attention. Born in Dresden in 1830, an early pupil of Friedrich Wieck—the distinguished teacher and father of Clara Schumann—then a student of law and philology at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin, the love of music soon drew to itself the entire intellectual force of a man who might have distinguished himself in any profession. His inspiration was first drawn, however, from Liszt, of whom he became the devoted friend and defender, and his theories both concerning the composition and the performance of music were doubtless grounded upon ideas which he derived from Liszt's original and fertilizing mind. He early distinguished himself as a critic and controversial writer, taking the side of Liszt and Wagner and the "new school," and dealing with words almost as dexterously as with notes. As a pianist, after winning a first place in his own country he saw and conquered hostile Paris, and in 1873 for the first time visited England, where his performances excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It would be neither just nor judicious to anticipate through hearsay our readers' impressions of the method of this grand artist; but, as compared with Rubinstein, the best opinion of him seems to be that while he has less of the extraordinary genius and the fascination which belong to the latter, he is also a much less wilful and capricious and consequently a much more faithful and trustworthy interpreter of the works of the great composers than the wonderful Russian. In intellectual force and insight and in the power which springs from character, culture and earnestness, Von Bülow is proclaimed to be without a rival, and his technique is said never to have been surpassed, if ever equalled. Boston is to have the pleasure, and perhaps we ought to say the honor, of hearing Von Bülow's first performance in America; this will be given in the Music Hall on the evening of Monday, October 18 and will be followed by five concerts on the 20th, 22d, 24th, 26th and 28th days of the same month. Von Bülow's Boston concerts will be given under the direction of Mr. Peck, and a full orchestra will take part in each of them.

Madame Ter-sa Tietjens, one of the most celebrated singers of modern times, has been engaged by Mr. Strakosch to give a series of concerts in America, her first appearance in this country being made at Steinway Hall, New York, on the fourth of October. And later in the same month or early in November it is expected that Madame Tietjens will sing in the Boston Music Hall. This accomplished lady was born in Hamburg in 1834, and, after singing for a while in her native city, made, when twenty-two years of age, her grand debut at Vienna and achieved a triumphant success as *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni." Both in Germany and England—in which latter country she has now lived for several years—she has been recognized as one of the noblest interpreters of oratorio and opera, and her style is unanimously pronounced to have a breadth, intelligence and expressiveness which demand the epithet "magnificent." Madame Tietjens's voice has undoubtedly lost something of its original purity and sweetness during the past six years, and it is unfortunate that we have not been able to hear her during the period of her highest vocal endowment; but her singing will undoubtedly give very great pleasure to cultivated listeners. Mr. Strakosch has not yet engaged the company who are to assist Madame Tietjens, and we suppose he intends to do so in America.

But one regular opera troupe has as yet been organized for the season, and that is Miss Kellogg's English corps, which will give performances in the vernacular at the Boston Theatre early in the winter. Miss Kellogg's list of artists includes, besides herself, Madame Van Zandt, Miss Mourget and Miss Beaumont as sopranos; Miss Andrande as contralto; Mr. Castle and Mr. Maas as tenors; Mr. Carleton as baritone, Mr. Conly and Mr. Peakes as basses, with Mr. Behrens as conductor. The only new opera which appears in her repertoire is Benedict's "Lily of Killarney." The comparatively unfamiliar names of "The Huguenots" and "The Star of the North" are found upon her list, where we hope they will not be left in cold neglect, as they were last season. A German company will doubtless be got together for the sake of Herr Wachtel, and he also is announced to appear at the Boston Theatre. Opera bouffe is already represented in New York by a company, of which the English Miss Julia Mathews is the leading singer, and her charms of voice and action are warmly praised by some of the sensitive critics of the commercial metropolis. The managers of the Lyceum Theatre are threatening to import Mlle. Judie, the queen regnant of the opera bouffe in Paris; and it is impossible to say how much of this raucous-voiced and loud-mannered talent may be poured down upon us before the close of the season.

The supply of symphony music will be large in quantity and we have no reason to suppose otherwise than excellent in quality. The Harvard Musical Association will give their regular ten concerts in the Music Hall on the first and third Thursdays of November and the four following months, the only variation from this arrangement being in the case of the second concert in December, which takes place on Friday the twenty-fourth. Mr. Theodore Thomas will give six subscription concerts on Wednesday evenings, beginning on the seventeenth of November, and continuing about every third week. Mr. Thomas and his orchestra will be heard for the first time this season in New England in the Eliot Hall, Newton, on the second of November. No programmes for either of these courses of concerts have yet been arranged, but it is the

intention of the managers to make them of the highest possible character and interest. Mr. Thomas is again to have the occasional help of a chorus drilled by Mr. Sharland, and Mr. Remmert and Mr. Bischoff will sing at some of his concerts. In the kindred department of chamber music we may expect some fine performances from the Mendelssohn quintet club, in which the place of Mr. Hamm has been taken by the excellent violinist, Mr. C. N. Allen; and the Boston Philharmonic club have made definite arrangements to give in Bumstead Hall, beginning on the third of November, a course of six classical concerts at which they will be assisted by Madame Schiller, Mrs. Smith, and the Temple quartet.

The Handel and Haydn Society promise nothing further than the giving of their usual Christmas and Easter oratorios; but it is safe for a prudent Yankee to "guess" that they will not neglect any opportunity for securing the services of Madame Tietjens for at least two of their performances. The Apollo club, which will be conducted by Mr. Eichberg until the return of Mr. Lang in the fall, will doubtless give their customary number of rehearsals for the delight of friends and associate members, and have engaged the Music Hall for their "private concerts" on the evenings of December 30, January 3, May 23 and May 26. The Bowdoin club, now flourishing under the direction of Mr. Osgood, will give their regular concerts in the Music Hall on December 29, January 4, May 24 and May 29. The entire season will be as full as the most importunate lover of music could desire, and the character of the music provided seems likely to be sufficiently excellent and elevated to satisfy the most exacting taste.

### London.

REVIVAL OF ENGLISH OPERA. Every English amateur, the "Telegraph" remarks, knows that when Mr. Carl Rosa and Madame Parepa-Rosa closed their very successful labors in America and returned to this country, it was with the fixed idea of reviving English opera amongst us. The best results were expected to attend the enterprise; but, while man proposes, it is God who disposes. In the midst of the preparations for an opening campaign at Drury-lane Theatre, which, if carried out, would have anticipated the present success of "Lohengrin," Madame Parepa-Rosa was taken away by death, and the bereaved impresario at once abandoned his scheme.

He did so, however, only for a time. Last winter, Mr. Carl Rosa, with an efficient company of English-speaking singers, went the round of the leading provincial towns, meeting nearly everywhere with the success which usually attends his shrewd and efficient management. Thus encouraged to persevere, he determined to open in London, and on the 11th of September next the Princess's Theatre will witness the beginning of a seven weeks' campaign. Those who know the thorough-going principles upon which Mr. Rosa invariably carries out his public duties need no assurance that the projected attempt to revive English opera has been seriously determined upon, and will be carried out in a like spirit. They expect to hear of the utmost possible efficiency in every department, and are quite assured that should the enterprise fail—*absit omen*—it will not do so for lack of deserving a better fate. Perhaps, when we give a few particulars, others may share this desirable confidence; and, first, as to the *répertoire* of the season. Taking an eminently practical view of the situation, Mr. Rosa does not propose to limit himself to operas by native composers—a course which, though sometimes insisted upon here as proper and patriotic, is never followed even in countries the lyric drama of which presents a sufficiently wide field of choice. "German opera" among our Teutonic cousins has often nothing German about it but the language, and both the French and Italians largely devote their lyric theatres to adaptations in their respective national tongues and forms of foreign works. Mr. Rosa, we believe, will follow the example thus set. While mindful of the claims of English musicians, he will present the operas of others in English dress, and so secure variety at the same time that he promotes acquaintance with music not generally familiar. Among the works which will be performed in the course of the season at the Princess's are Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle," one of that fluent composer's most dramatic contributions to the English lyric stage; Cheulini's "Water Carrier," better known as "Les Deux Journées," under which name it was once or twice performed in 1870, during Mr. George Wood's interesting season at Drury-lane Theatre; the "Bohemian Girl," as prepared by Balfe for Paris; "Le Nozze di Figaro," always welcome in whatever shape; and a new opera by Cagnoni the story of which is founded upon "The Porter's Knot." Turning from this appetizing section of the *répertoire* to Mr. Rosa's executive resources, we find an orchestra of forty efficient players, among whom are Messrs. Carrodus, Bejmann, Zerlini, Howell, Svensen, Hutobing, and Reynolds, representing the "pick" of the Italian opera bands. The chorus has been chosen with equal care, and the engagement of Signor Esplanos as ballet-master guarantees efficiency in another important respect. No statement in full is yet possible with regard to the principal artists, but two names may be mentioned confidently—those of Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Santley. In parts suited to the means of a "light soprano," Miss Hersee leaves very little indeed to desire. She is an excellent singer, and a piquant and attractive actress, worthy to hold the position of a *prima donna* in Mr. Rosa's company, whoever may be her colleagues. Respecting Mr. Santley we need not say more than that he will have a hearty welcome back to the lyric stage, which he quitted in an evil day. Our accomplished baritone it is said, will assume in Cagnoni's opera the part which, in the original drama, was played by R. Don.

THE *Athenæum* gives as a confirmation of its statement that Herr Wagner's theory has not destroyed the *prestige* of the ordinary opera, as has been alleged, a list of the works performed during the month of May in the two Imperial theatres of Austria and of Prussia.

In Berlin there were 14 operas given, viz.: "The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell" of Rossini; the "Trovatore"

tore" of Signor Verdi; "La Dame Blanche" of Boieldieu; "Der Frieschütz" and "Oberon" of Weber; the "Nozze di Figaro" and "Flauto Magico" of Mozart; the "Africaine" and "Huguenots" of Meyerbeer; the "Fidello" of Beethoven; the "Marta" of Herr von Flotow; and the "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" of Herr Wagner, besides six ballets—"Flick and Plock," "Sardanapalus," "Fantasica," "Santarella," "Ellenor," and "Morgana." In Venice seven operas were performed—the "Mignon" by M. Ambrose Thomas; "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by Otto Nicolai; "Oberon" by Weber; "Romeo and Juliet" by M. Gounod; "L'Etoile du Nord" of Meyerbeer; and the "Flying Dutchman" of Herr Wagner, besides three ballets—"Ellenor," "Santarella," and "Sardanapalus." In Italy, France, Spain, and Belgium not a Wagner opera has been performed.

#### SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT. The Musical Standard, August 7, says:

Mr. Sims Reeves's grand concert on Saturday afternoon brought the musical season for the Crystal Palace to a close with *éclat*; but after all, the "recess" at Sydenham is a very brief one, and two months hence we shall be again at work. The concert derived additional interest from the fact that Mdle. Titiens on Saturday made her last appearance in England before her departure for America. We annex the scheme:—

##### PART I.

1. Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
2. Part Song, "Strike the Lyre".....T. Cooke  
The London Vocal Union.
3. Song, "Home of my heart" (Lurline)....Wallace  
Mr. Edward Lloyd.
4. Scene, "Ernani involami".....Verdi  
Mdle. Titiens.
5. Recit., "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft  
her, Angels".....Handel  
Mr. Sims Reeves.
6. Air, "Let the bright Seraphim" (Samson). Handel  
Madame Christine Nilsson.
7. Ballad, "The Shadow of the Cross".....O. Barri  
Signor Foll.
8. Song, "There is a green hill".....Gounod  
Madame Patey.
9. (a) Novelette in F.....Schumann  
(b) Valse in D flat.....Chopin  
Mr. Charles Halle.
10. Duet, "Parigi, o cara".....Verdi  
Madame Christine Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves.
11. Masque music, "The Merchant of Venice,"  
Sullivan

##### PART II.

1. Part Song, "Take thy banner".....Coward  
The London Vocal Union.
  2. Ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Crouch  
Mdle. Titiens.
  3. Ballad, "When other lips" (Bohemian Girl). Balfe  
Mr. Edward Lloyd.
  4. New Ballad, "Let me dream again".....Sullivan  
Madame Christine Nilsson.
  5. Pianoforte Solos, (a) Mouvement Musical. Schubert  
(b) Caprice in D flat.....Heller  
Mr. Charles Halle.
  6. Ballad, "By the sad sea waves" (Brides of Venice),  
Benedict  
Madame Patey.
  7. Song, "Heart of oak".....Boyce  
Signor Foll.
  8. Ave Maria.....Gounod  
Madame Christine Nilsson.
  - Violin, Pianoforte, and Harmonium Obligato—Mr.  
Watson, Mr. S. Naylor, and Mr. J. Coward.
  9. Nautical Song, "The Bay of Biscay".....Davy  
Mr. Sims Reeves.
  10. Finale—March, "Le Prophete".....Meyerbeer
- Conductors—MR. AUGUST MANN and MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

**MDLE. TITIENS'S CONCERT.** Mdle. Titiens gave a grand farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday se'night. She was twice recalled after the "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater," and took the soprano part of the duet from Verdi's "Requiem," the "Agnus Dei," which has been pronounced to be the gem of the work; Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini sang the contralto part. Mdme. Christine Nilsson sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Auld Robin Grey"; she also volunteered two Swedish songs on encores. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini repeated the "Brindisi" by desire, and Mr. Sims Reeves accepted the *bis* both for Bishop's song, "The pilgrim of love," and "Tom Bowling." Mr. Chas. Halle played Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Heller's Caprice in D flat, and three of the "Lieder ohne Worte,"—the well known one in B minor, the delicious spring-morning song in A major, and the one in C from Book VI, a favorite of Mdme. Arabella Godard.—*Ibid*

A CONCERT in aid of the sufferers from the recent floods in France was held at Langham Hall on the evening of the 27th July, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor. Madame Liebhart, Mr. Nelson Varley, Miss Fairman, Madame Bernhardt, and Mdle. Renard lent their valuable aid as vocalists. Madame Liebhart was rapturously applauded, and encored in a new song of G. B. Allen, "Little birds so sweetly singing." Herr Lehmeier and Mr. J. W. Bernhardt led off the *soirée* with a duet for pianoforte and harmonium on "Lurline," brilliantly performed; Miss L. Albrecht played Ketterer's grand Galop de Concert; Herr Franke a violin solo of Vieuxtemps, and Miss Bessie Richards (with Herr Daubert) a duet of Chopin, his "Introduction and Polonaise Brillante." Mr. J. F. Barnett's introduction, on "The Ancient Mariner," played by himself, was an event of the concert. The conductors were Herr Lehmeier, Mr. W. Macfarren, and Mr. Ganz.—*Ibid*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Her Name is Mary Ann. 2. D to e. *Straight*. 30  
"A smiling mug  
And muscle like a real man."  
Very comical.

My dear and only Love. 4. Eb to f. *Sullivan*. 40  
"I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword."  
Words by the Marquis of Montrose, in the year  
1640. Are still fresh and beautiful, and are fitted  
to a sweet melody.

I'm an Orphan. (L'Orfanello). Romanza. 35  
4. G minor to f. *Hackensollner*. 35  
"I am hungry, I am homeless."  
"Non un pane, non un tetto."  
Has that neat, soft, graceful quality, which renders  
a pretty Italian minor song something else  
than minor in its effect.

The Bunch of Violets. (Il mazzolin delle  
viola). 4. Eb to f. *Pinsuti*. 50  
"Shining like pearls so dear."  
"Come du perla."  
A beautiful "Flower Song" sung by Marie Bishop.

Sweet Good-Night, dear Father. Song and  
Cho. 3. Ab to f. *Christabel*. 30  
"Come, hear me say my little prayer."  
One of the sweet, homely, home songs that so  
touch one's heart.

Vesper Hymn. Quartet and Solo fr. Batiste.  
4. E minor to g. *M. F. H. Smith*. 30  
"Arms strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care."  
From the set called "Choral Echoes," and is a  
very nice vocal arrangement of one of Batiste's  
organ pieces.

Evening at Sea. 4. G major and minor to g.  
*Blumenschein*. 35  
"And to their couch the waves retire  
And slumber in repose."  
Finely elaborated, and interprets finely the senti-  
ments of the poem.

Ecce Panis. Motet for 4 voices. 4. G to a.  
*Du Mouchel*. 90  
"Ecce panis angelorum."  
Latin words only, and those not commonly sung,  
which is a recommendation. A smooth, beautiful,  
classical piece.

He roamed in the Forest. (Der Knab' ging  
zum Walde). 4. D to d. *O'Leary*. 35  
"He fashioned a flute from a willow spray,  
To see if within it the sweet tune lay."  
A dreamy, poetic thought by the Swedish poet  
Björnsen, well set to music. German and English  
words.

The Watchman. Contralto or Baritone. 3.  
Eb to e. *Knight*. 40  
"What of the night, brave Watchman?"  
Most effective and touching narration of the  
watchman and his little daughter.

She is handsome as a Dream. 3. C to f.  
*Speck*. 30  
"The roguish eyes, so bright and blue."  
Very bright, popular ballad.

The Forest Witch. (Waldhexe). 4. C minor  
to e. *Rubenstein*. 40  
"A horseman rides at wildest speed."  
"Vorbei, vorbei, durch Feld und Wald."  
A wild, unearthly ballad, which reminds one of  
the "Erl King," with equally wild music.

Maritana, gay Gitana. 4. D to f. *Levey*. 50  
"wild and free,  
O'er the hills of Spain I wander,  
Somehow Italian composers are making the finest  
English songs—and some who speak English do  
better than Spaniards in Spain,—as witness this  
successful half-Moorish, half-Spanish lay.

Yachtsmen's Song (and Chorus.) 4. Db to g.  
*Wels*. 40  
"Our yacht is on the tide."  
A spirited glee, which musical Yachtsmen will  
not be slow to appreciate.

Thou whom my Heart adareth. 3. C to e.  
*Barnby*. 30  
"Must I then strive so oft in vain  
Thy wayward heart to prove?"  
Capable of great expression, and very effective.

That dear Song I loved the best. 3. Eb to f.  
*Hyde*. 30  
"In the twilight we would wander,  
When the forest trees were green."  
A very attractive theme. Richly musical.

It goes against the grain. 3. G to e. *Coote*. 30  
"Tho' very slow to declare it,  
We have to grin and bear it."  
A very good sentiment, combined with attractive  
music.

## Special Notices. Continued.

Instrumental.

Indigo, or 40 Thieves. By Strauss.  
arr. by Maylath. 1.00  
No. 1. Potpourri. 3.  
14 luscious melodies are stirred into this musical  
dish, which thus becomes unusually sweet and  
savory.

Colored Leaves. 6 Easy Pieces. *Lange, ea.* 35  
No. 1. On the Water. (Auf dem Wasser).  
2. C.

"2. Violet's Greeting. (Veilchengruss).  
2. C.  
"4. Contentment. (Seelenfrohe). 3. D.  
Extremely graceful and capital instructive pieces.

Wig-Wag Polka. 3. F. *J. S. Smith*. 40  
Zig-Zag Galop. 3. G. " " 35  
The titles indicate eccentric pieces, and they are  
such, but bright, attractive, and none the worse for  
being original.

What Fun. Polka. 3. C. *Wheeler*. 30  
A rollicking affair. One of those pieces that  
feels so jolly it does n't know what to do with itself.

Beethoven's March from Ruins of Athens.  
6 hands. 2. C. 60  
The 6 hand arrangement is very easy, and the  
quality of the music is not injured. Arranged by  
Rubenstein.

March from Tannhauser. 6. B. *Liszt*. 1.00  
Players who do not like easy pieces will be pleased  
with this, which is sufficiently craggy to the per-  
former, and very brilliant when conquered. "The  
entrance of guests at the Wartburg," is the part of  
the opera used for the march.

On the Meadow. (Auf der Wiese). 3. G.  
*Lichner*. 30  
A musical thought, happily expressed.

Summer Nights Dream on the Hudson.  
Barcarolle. 4. A. *Haevernick*. 30  
Not on a steamboat, you understand, but on some  
gentle, rocking boat, on a moonlight night, in a  
cool, shady nook in the Highlands. At least such  
is the idea one gathers from the piece, which is a  
charming one.

A Hundred Years ago. Quickstep. 3. G.  
*Rice*. 40  
A quickstep which commences a hundred years  
ago, will have to hurry to "catch up." A very  
bright affair, fit for any festive or patriotic occa-  
sion. The air is from "Evangeline."

Our lovely Hudson. Waltzes. 3. *Aronsen*. 75  
A good title is a sort of inspiration, and the three  
brilliant waltzes are quite worthy of it.

Les Dragons de la Reine. Morceau elegante.  
4. Db *Maylath*. 40  
A kind of brilliant cavalry march, "dragons" in  
French meaning the same as "dragoons" in Eng-  
lish.

Imperial Galop. 3. C. *Hayner*. 35  
Would do for a "double quick" march as it is pow-  
erful, very brilliant, and full of octaves. A flute or  
piccolo may play the "choice notes."

Only one Word. (Auf die Wort). Galop.  
2. A. *Faust*. 35  
Literally "On the word," and it has a character  
of extreme "staccato" promptness throughout.

La Joyeuse. Gavotte. 3. A. *Stiehl*. 30  
Perhaps you do not know what a Gavotte is, and  
this will not inform you, but be assured it is in this  
case original, strange, and entertaining music.

Don Juan. Op. 118. No. 14. 4. C. *Leybach*. 75  
One of the "Œuvres Célèbres," and is a very  
graceful "resume" of the best music of "Don Gio-  
vanni."

Hungarian Dances. 4 hands. 4. *Brahms*. 2.00  
These are already well known, having been played  
by Thomas's famous orchestra. They are wild but  
pleasing airs.

English Pearls. Fantasias by Willie Pape. ea. 75  
No. 1. Oh! the Oak, the Ash, and bonny  
Ivy tree, and Vicar of Bray. 6. G.

A new series of fantasias, on favorite national  
airs. They are all among the very best pieces to  
play for exhibitions.

Rondo Capriccio. Op. 118. No. 17. 5. A.  
*Leybach*. 60  
An impromptu. It seems, but doubtless cost some  
reflection, as it is very delicately and correctly or-  
ganised.

Air de la Bourree. 3. G. *Brocca*. 35  
Arranged from Handel. Full of life. Requires  
a legato touch, and would be a good organ piece.  
Belongs to the set "Perles Musicales."

Jolly Fellows. (Fidele Bursche). Waltz. 3.  
*Strauss*. 75  
By Edward Strauss. A welcome addition to the  
long list of Strauss pieces.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked  
1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B  
flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note,  
if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above  
the staff.



